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The PHONO GRAM

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E I G H T H N U M B E R

DECEMBER ~~SECOND COPY~~ 1900



PRINTED MONTHLY
FOR THOSE INTER-
ESTED IN PHONES,
GRAPHS, GRAMS &
SCOPES. DEVOTED
TO THE ARTS OF
RECORDING AND REPRODUCING
SOUND. OFFICIAL HANDBOOK *of*
THE ORDER *of* THE PHONOGRAM.

The PHONOGRAM

SUBSCRIPTION THIRTY CENTS A YEAR
SINGLE NUMBERS, FIVE CENTS

Published by HERBERT A. SHATTUCK
at NUMBER 135 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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¶ A dainty birthday gift or holiday present would be *We Sat Apart* by Eugene Lee; a charming little love poem, quaintly conceived, and written in a manner that will appeal to all—especially lovers. It is choicely printed on hand made deckle edge paper, and is bound in old style wrappers. Price, postpaid, Fifty cents.

AUGUSTE GIRALDI, No. 139 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK CITY

MY BOOKS.

If thou art borrowed by a friend
Right welcome shall he be
To read and study—not to lend;
But to return to me.

Not that imparted knowledge
Doth diminish learning's store
But books I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

EUGENE LEE.

A PLEA FOR CLASSIC RECORDS.

The clamor for Records of "popular" music has reached a very acute stage. Lists of new records are termed limited and incomplete if they fail to catalogue the latest songs and marches which have become familiar to the public through the efforts of some popular composer or through the music halls. Yet here is a great truth; a person who clamors for "popular" music really wants *familiar music*. Beethoven's symphonies would soon become as "popular" as "The Blue and the Gray" if they were heard as often.

Good music, of which a Beethoven symphony is the highest expression, is the language of the soul. Popular music, in the true definition of the term, is the expression of rhythm—such as a Strauss waltz. If people only knew it, a Beethoven symphony, like a Shakespeare drama,

creates a distinct atmosphere, even a world of its own. Its secret beauties are not to be wholly revealed without a little effort on the part of the listener to appreciate them.

To sum it all up. It is *unfamiliarity* with the great Classic Masterpieces which prevents the enjoyment of them by the great majority of Phonograph users.

EUGENE LEE.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE ORDER OF THE PHONOGRAM.

By MR. OPENEER.

I called the meeting. Not because I was secretary ; for we have no officers or rules or by-laws or anything except a feeling of good fellowship, a stock of Certificates and Decorations of THE ORDER and a list of honorary members. The meeting was quite unconventional, for the H. M's. were not invited ; partly because Mrs. Opeener did not wish to entertain too many at dinner and partly on account of the informality of the occasion. The reason for the meeting was really my desire to know more about *The Roaring Phonograph*, concerning which newspaper items were at that time going the rounds of the press, with these startling headlines : "A Loud Phonograph ;" "A Large Voice ;" "A New Terror ;" "May be heard Ten Miles ;" "A Mischievous Invention ;" and others of like import. I wanted to gather all the information possible on the subject, although I was daily expecting a reply to my letter to the reputed inventor, Horace L. Short, of Brighton, England. So our notes of invitation to

dine with us on October 30th, read, in addition to the R. S. V. P., "Subject for discussion *The Roaring Phonograph*. Please come prepared."

Well, they did. They all caught on, for we are all Enthusiasts and keep abreast with the times. Even the out of town members who could not come, showed their interest. These sent their regrets, wishing us all kinds of success and promised to come to the very next meeting of THE ORDER; and in addition (with one single exception) each contributed his mite of knowledge to the general fund. So, after the coffee and over our cigars, (the ladies graciously permitting) we read their letters and the news clippings and discussed *The Roaring Phonograph* in all its phases and aspects. Most unfortunately I had neglected to lay in a supply of blank cylinders, so my Phonograph could not act as secretary. My report of the meeting, therefore, was made up from the various fragments of letters and clippings that were presented in evidence, aided somewhat by my memory. It is true we had two stenographers in the merry party, but it would have been rank heresy to make use of their expertness on such a distinctive-ly Phonograph occasion; so the company unanimously decided that I should be the scribe. The one exception among the absent ones that I spoke of was Cal Stewart. It's the exception that proves the rule you know, so I started off with Cal's letter. It read as follows: "Dear Mr. Openeer, Haow be you and haow's your fambly? I'm purty tolerble myself, but I have trubbles as you will see by the clipping I enclose which, as it explains as haow my hands are full, explains also why I can't come. I am your affectionate Uncle
Josh Weathersby."

And then I read the clipping :

**SEETHING SEA DID'NT SEETHE WHEREUPON
MR. STEWART WAS PERTURBED.**

Cal Stewart, the singer and actor, had a heartrending experience in Orange on Friday night. He has not recovered from the awful shock at this writing.

During his leisure moments Mr. Stewart managed to write a play, and he selected Orange as the scene of his nefarious endeavor, and the show opened there on Friday. All progressed smoothly until the second act, when the hero, who is Mr. Stewart, is supposed to leap from a passing steamer into the seething billows and rescue the heroine, who has been basely thrown overboard by the heartless villain. The seething billows are managed in much the same way as the ship, that is, by the lowly stage hands, who receive as compensation \$1 a seethe.

They must have been dissatisfied with the performance, for the billows refused to seethe and the steamer did not steam across the said billows to any great extent, owing to the fact that possibly something had stuck. The heroine had already been submerged eleven times when the gallery-ites became excited and shouted to the hero:

“Jump, you lobster ; be you goin’ to let her drown ?”

Unfortunately, Mr. Stewart could not jump, as it was twenty-two feet from where the steamer stuck on the ways to the point where the heroine was being slowly done to death by watery water.

The situation was becoming critical and Mr. Stewart was at a loss for a moment. Then he grabbed a rope, and rushing out on the foaming sea, threw it to the now

thoroughly exhausted girl and hauled her down stage to the accompaniment of loud cheers.

All was safe and the audience cheered wildly and long. 'Twas well and a noble deed. Then the curtain was rung down and from the sounds of language heard it is supposed that Mr. Stewart was expressing his disapproval.

He insisted later that the accident would not happen again if he had to grease the rollers of the steamer himself and stand by with a hammer to start her.—From the *New York Telegraph*.

When the merriment due to Cal Stewart's comical view of the situation had subsided, I called upon Col. K. L. Watt, who responded with a jolly speech on Phonographs in general. His remarks were founded on this clipping which he handed to me when he had finished. Here it is:

MAY BE HEARD TEN MILES AWAY.

According to reports printed in English exchanges a Phonograph is now available by the use of which messages can be delivered in such tremendously loud tones as will makes them easily understood at a distance of ten miles. The machine has been tested and its possibilities seem to be practically endless. It will render loud selections in the open air that can be listened to by thousands of people, or it will shout news messages that could be heard high above the roar of the traffic and the thousand noises of a big city. You can whisper a sentence into the machine's little funnel-shaped mouthpiece and it will repeat it in tones that are more deafening than the shrieks of a liner's steam siren. Yet every word is perfectly articulated, and a shorthand writer ten miles away can take down the message as easily

as if you were dictating to him in a small room.—From the Chicago, Ill., *Chronicle*.

When the Colonel was seated, we discussed the wonderful possibilities of this monster Phonograph for a few moments, and I then called upon Eugene Lee, who read a short article from the New Haven, Conn., Journal, which gave the assemblage an inkling of the mechanical construction of the new wonder:

A LARGE VOICE.

A Phonograph recently made at Brighton, England, is an impressive affair. It reproduces sounds with an intensity which makes words distinctly heard for a distance of ten miles, and upon water to a farther distance. Inside the trumpet there is a small and delicate piece of mechanism that looks something like a whistle. This is the tongue of the machine. Instead of the "records" being taken on wax in the usual manner a sapphire needle is made to cut the dots representing the sound vibrations on a silver cylinder, and when the needle travels over the metal a second time the vibrations cause the whistle to produce a series of air waves, and the machine thus becomes a talking siren which transforms the human voice into a deafening roar.

The Baltimore Sun thinks this machine might be useful in politics as a "spellbinder." It would certainly make itself heard, but it might not excite the "tremendous applause" which the newspaper reports show that the spellbinders excite. And spellbinding without tremendous applause would be poor stuff.

Carolus Broome then addressed us. "I have here a copy of *The London Mail*, and it seems to be the inspiration of both the preceding readings. The article in the *Mail* is headed "A howling Terror" and in addition to the information before given it says: in appearance, the machine is merely an ordinary Phonograph, with a large trumpet measuring 4 feet in length. The experiments were made near the Devil's Dyke, Brighton, where the inventor has his workshops. The instrument was placed on the roof of the laboratory, and was made to repeat a number of sentences. At a distance of ten miles the sounds were plainly heard by a large number of people, every word being perfectly distinct, and at a second trial with a favorable wind it was found that an unknown message could be taken down in shorthand at a distance of twelve miles. Over the water the sounds will carry still farther, and under favorable circumstances they might easily be heard by persons on a vessel fifteen miles out at sea. Placed on a lighthouse or lightship the Phonograph would give a verbal warning that would be infinitely more effective than the fog-horns and detonators at present in use.

The possibilities of the machine are practically endless. It will render loud selections in the open air that can be listened to by thousands of people, or it will shout news messages that could be heard high about the roar of the traffic and the thousand noises of a big city.

"All this is very interesting" said H. A. Shattuck, when Mr. Broome had finished "but let me tell you that Horace L. Short, of Brighton, England, is just about twenty years behind the times. Ever heard of the Aero-phone? No? Yes? Well, I'll tell about it for the benefit of those who haven't.

The Aerophone is an instrument invented in 1879 by Mr. Thomas A. Edison, for increasing the volume of sound and projecting it to an indefinite distance. The same tympanum is used in its construction as in the Phonograph. The imitation of the human voice is secured by the opening and shutting of delicate valves placed within a steam whistle or organ pipe and serving the purpose of controlling the requisite amount of steam or air. The vibrations of the diaphragm, communicated to the valves, cause them to close and unclosé synchronously with the inflexions of the human voice; the steam or air reproduces these vibrations and the result is an instrument capable of magnifying two hundred times the ordinary tones used in speech and projecting them miles instead of feet. It is in fact an exaggerated Phonograph, roaring out its remarks or songs, instead of to a roomful of people, to neighboring townships and counties in a manner calculated to endanger the bulwarks of social life.

That is the story of the Aerophone and it rather looks to me as if Mr. Short was inventing something that was already in existence. The descriptions of the English "Howling Voice," as read to us by the Colonel, Mr. Lee and Mr. Broome, seem to fit very clearly the Aerophone as I understand it. How about it Mr. Opeener? What little joker have you up you sleeve."

"No joker at all" said I "except that I can corroborate your statements on every point. Here is a little memorandum I jotted down the other day. In 1879, William H. Bishop wrote as follows for November Scribner's Magazine, describing "A Night with Edison" at his Laboratory, then at Menlo Park.

' Here is the project of the Aerophone; the great voice, two hundred and fifty times the capacity of human lungs, which is to shout from light-houses, from ships at sea, from Bartholdi's statue towering godlike above our harbor. Its principle is simple with a simplicity that constitutes a part of the greatness of these inventions. There is a mouth-piece as in the telephone and Phonograph, but the vibrating disk flutters the valve of a steam-jet which takes the tones of the voice and sends them on to the limit of its capacity.' I think this disposes very effectually of any claim that Mr. Short, of Brighton, England, may choose to make. Now let us hear from Mr. Charles B. Rutan."

Thus adjured, Mr. Rutan read the following, prefacing himself by saying that he thought the author of the article was a space writer, at so much a thousand words. "You don't have to laugh unless you really want to" he added:

The megaphone is bad enough by itself. There has been a man in Watertown with a giant instrument through which he yelled advertisements from the top of one of the blocks on Public Square, his voice dropping down into quiet neighborhoods as if from the sky, telling where to buy soap and dress goods. But here is an infernal genius who has combined the Phonograph and megaphone into a giant sound multiplier that will run itself. He mounts his voice cannon on a high building and sets it to bawling its Phonographic speeches; and the people in the ten miles circuit rush to their doors to hear coming from the skies the injunction to use Popman's Bitters, together with information of bargain sales and houses to rent. It is the end of peace in city, village and country. It is to be presumed, if this experiment with the sound multiplier succeeds, that some syndicate will try to station them every 20 miles all

over the country for advertising purposes, and the air will tremble continually with the racket. People conversing with each other will be interrupted by the giant voice of the tone multiplier worked by an electric battery, telling them to take So-and-So's pills or somebody else's blood and liver purifier. Talk about desecrating the scenery with patent medicine advertisements in letters ten feet high, why it is nothing to the nuisance this new invention will be in setting the atmospheric envelope of the earth all a-quiver with patent medicine advertising.

You know what a small Phonograph will do in the house. Well, magnify that tone 10,000 times and hurl it all around the country, and just think what misery can be produced. Think of chunks of ragtime music dropping around in everybody's back yard. Think of the music of bands being hurled like a hurricane to devastate the country. The world powers all ought to unite to suppress this new invention, as they are uniting to suppress the Chinese who used to do their fighting by making a big noise on gongs.

There is one useful object however, for this giant tone multiplier. It might be used for educational purposes. Lecturers who had something to say might fill Phonographic cylinders and people could sit on their front verandas and absorb information. But even this might not always be agreeable.—From the Watertown, N. Y. TIMES.

"You've stolen my thunder" said Russell Murray when Mr. Rutan had finished "but I think my article is better than the one you have just read although it's written in the same general style. If you can't stand it" he

added waving his hand around the table "just say so and I'll stop it the moment you say 'Enough'."

A NEW TERROR.

The Phonograph has already been used for advertising purposes, and people who have been forced to wait in ferry houses and railroad stations have likewise been forced to listen to husky voices proceeding out of brass horns and calling their attention to the alleged merits of somebody's pills and somebody's soap. Also, the megaphone, with a human voice blown weirdly through it, has apprised riders and drivers on the boulevard that here were drink and bowling and other modern necessities, or, from an upper window near the bridge, has dinned into the ear of passengers, information about slugging and bruising matches to be held in some of the city's palaces of joy in the near future. But now comes a man who says he has invented a gigantophone that will enable affliction to be strewn for ten miles around the country. And this is the end of peace. The people in a dozen villages, hearing the alarm from the skies, will rush to their doors and listen. Then they get something like this: "I call your attention to the Gee-Whiz corsets, made only by the P. P. Smith Company of Yonkers. It is the only corset there is. For heaven's sake, don't buy any other kind. We need your money in our business, and we have got to sell these corsets whether you want us to or not. Go down to the largest store you know and ask for some, and most likely you will get them. You must buy them: You have to. Don't think about any kind except ours. You can't keep your waist in if you don't buy corsets, and the Gee-Whiz ones are away ahead of everything in that line that's made.

Go on, now, and buy some." And hearing these news the citizens will return and close all their windows and put felt about the cracks of the doors and the keyholes.

Another dreadful occasion, made possibly more dreadful by this gigantophone, is the picnic. When the Ninety-second Ward Sons of Gentlemen have one of their periodicals, with chowder and beer and revolver practice and ambulances, in Schmeidrick's Park, they will never be content unless they have one of the new machines in the middle of that park, singing with a dozen times the vehemence of a factory whistle, "Take Yo' Clothes and Go," and ballads of a heart-breaking sort about Motha-a-ar, and about wives who have been astray and come around to be taken back because there isn't any other place to go.

The great value of the new megaphone will not be in the dissemination of news about So-and-so's pills and oatmeal and blacking and novels and private schools, but in increasing oratory. In the quarters of Manhattan where the free lecture is in vogue the megaphone can be scaled down to say a two mile limit, and the windows of the affected district being raised, the inhabitants can sit complacently at home and learn a lot of useful facts about domestic insects and history and the fine arts. In political conventions the audience can be accommodated in a park, and by talking through one's hat into a receiver and having the voice ground over in the machine, every delegate can hear his remarks magnified a thousand times, and, knowing that they are to be thus enlarged, every intending speaker will prepare himself in advance, so that we shall have the remarks shorn of flubdub and the vast thoughts will be put into the eloquence that is peculiar to the reporters who write speeches for our politicians. The alarm is

shared by the entire public, lest such evil things as have been here reviewed should become possible.—From the Brooklyn, N. Y. *Eagle*.

A storm of applause greeted Mr. Murray's contribution to the general fund of *Roaring Phonograph* knowledge; and after a vote of thanks to Mrs. Openeer had been recorded (the particulars of which I must modestly repress), the first meeting of THE ORDER OF THE PHONOGRAM was declared adjourned.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH A KINETOSCOPE.

Few travelers have brought home with them such vividly realistic impressions of foreign lands as James H. White of the Edison Manufacturing Company has contributed to the delectation of his fellow men. The most interesting part of Mr. White's impressions, it should be explained, are upon several thousand miles of kinetoscope films.

Without doubt Mr. White has taken more photographs than any man living. A kinetoscope photograph is but an inch wide. It is made by the turning of a crank at an average rate of 2400 a minute. Mr. White has been industriously turning the crank for the last five years. The number of single photographs he has taken runs high into the millions. He has photographed the religious and social ceremonies of every tribe of Indians in the United States, has made photographing expeditions into Mexico, Alaska, Cuba, China, Japan and Siam. Wherever an important public gathering is held, there White can be seen with his

little polished oak box turning the crank, like an organ grinder trying to make up for lost time. Nearly all the vast quantity of moving pictures now on exhibition in all



JAMES H. WHITE.

parts of the civilized world were made by him. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. White knows something about moving pictures himself.

It is interesting to learn from this high authority that moving pictures are more popular in Europe than in the

United States. More than half the enormous output of the Edison Company goes to Europe. More interesting still, Spain is the heaviest buyer of kinetoscope pictures. The most popular subject—think of it—is the inauguration of McKinley.

Frequent negotiations with barbaric or semi-civilized peoples have developed the diplomatic trait in Mr. White's make up. Particularly, in dealing with the Indians, a high degree of diplomacy is required. Long contact with the pale face has filled the mind of the noble red man with sordid commercial instincts, almost to the exclusion of all other sentiments. Nowadays when an Indian sees a camera leveled at him he covers his face with his hands, and, rushing up to the photographer, demands a fee of 50 cents for the privilege of taking his picture.

One of Mr. White's earlier experiences with Indians was the Santa Clara Pueblos at Santa Clara, New Mexico. Mr. White wanted to photograph one of the Santa Clara's peculiar dances. He called on the head men of the village. The head men said they would consider it. After two days profound reflection the head men called a town meeting to hear Mr. White's proposal. Mr. White stood up in the center of a solemn circle of red men, women, children and dogs and explained at great length what he wanted to do, why he wanted to do it and when and where and how. Particularly he elucidated the precise value of the privilege he sought. Then he repeated his desire and offer from beginning to end, going still more into details. By request he repeated the proposition several times. Then he retired to permit the idea to percolate through the

(*To be continued.*)

MAX AND MELINDA.

An Easy One in plain words for the Children.

See the bea-u-ti-ful lake. See the ca-noes. See the moon-light as it per-me-ates the cir-cum-am-bi-ent at-mos-pHERE and per-co-lates in-to ev-ery in-ter-stice of the pan-o-ra-ma. Do I make my-self plain lit-tle ones? Now pay at-ten-tion and I will tell you a-bout Max and Me-lin-da and their Pho-no-graph. Look at Max. He has a straw hat on his head. This all hap-pen-ed one ver-y hot night last Sum-mer. Me-lin-da re-clines on a cush-ion in the bow of the ca-noe at least it was the bow be-fore Max start-ed the Pho-no-graph go-ing. Now it is the stern. Lis-ten and I will tell you a true sto-ry just as Max told it to me. Look close-ly at the pic-ture and you will see three oth-er ca-noes. It is like-ly there are more in those deep shadows but you can-not see

(Continued on page eighty-four)

M



M is for MOONLIGHT
As it shines o'er the lake
And M is for Music
That *Phonographs* make.

(Continued from page eighty-two)

them. Each ca-noe is pro-pel-led by a pad-dle. Ev-er pad-dle? It is blam-ed hard work at first. Max has no pad-dle. Did he break it? No he threw it a-way. Fool-ish Max I hear you say. No no lit-tle ones. Be not so has-ty. The rec-ord that is play-ing is num-ber 6633. It is an en-tire-ly New Meth-od rec-ord. It hap-pen-ed this way. Max had just bought a doz-en En-tire-ly New Meth-od Rec-ords that after-noon and took them a-round to Me-lin-da's home to try on their Pho-no-graph. Max gave it to her for a Christ-mas pres-ent last year and in-stead of giv-ing her Huy-lers he buys the la-test rec-ords. Sen-si-ble Max. Well that night it was ver-y ver-y hot. Not a breath of air was stir-ring, so Me-lin-da said Let us go on the lake and try our new rec-ords in the Ca-noe. Bul-ly said Max. So when they were in the mid-dle of the lake they stop-ped.

The ver-y first rec-ord Max put on was num-ber 6633, a won-der-ful new song by a won-der-ful new sing-er with a won-der-ful new style of ac-com-pa-ni-ment. Do you fol-low me lit-tle ones? And now there hap-pen-ed a strange thing. Me-lin-da said What a love-ly air. A mo-ment la-ter she said What a nice breeze. Max, more prac-ti-cal said See how fast we are drift-ing. Me-lin-da said The breeze seems to come from the horn. Non-sense said Max. Me-lin-da, more po-lite, said noth-ing. Just then the rec-ord stop-ped and the breeze stop-ped and the ca-noe stop-ped but Max did not stop think-ing. Gee he said and start-ed the rec-ord a-gain. Oh what a nice breeze said Me-lin-da and see how fast we are drift-ing. Max put his hand over the edge of the horn. Eureka was all he said He threw his pad-dle a-side. It fell in-to the wa-ter and bob-bed up and down in the sil-ver-y wake of the

now fly-ing can-oe. A-gain the record stop-ped and the breeze stop-ped and the ca-noe stop-ped. Max quickly tri-ed all the oth-er rec-ords but the ca-noe float-ed still and mo-tion-less in the moon-light. The oth-er ca-noes gath-er-ed a-round, at-tract-ed by the sweet strains that float-ed o-ver the wa-ter. One brought Max his pad-dle back to him. A-gain he tri-ed 6633 and a-gain came that mys-ter-ious zeph-yr and the ca-noe gli-ded rap-id-ly a-way from the oth-ers. With an oc-ca-sion-al dip of his pad-dle Max guid-ed the ca-noe a-shore and hur-ried with Me-lin da, their Pho-no-graph and the pre-cious rec-ord num-ber 6633 back to her house. Here they found Me-lin-da's Pa and Ma vain-ly try-ing to keep cool, each with two palm-leafs sup-ple-ment-ing the e-lec-tric fan in the cor-ner of the pi-az-za. Max said not a word but start-ed the Pho-no-graph, play-ing 6633. In-stant-ly there swept through the vines on

the porch a most de-lic-i-ous cool-ness. Pa said We are go-ing to have a storm and ma went in-to the house to close the win-dows. Pa put on his coat and light-ed a ci-gar. Max whis-per-ed to Me-lin-da, Do not say a word. Set the wed-ding day. So it was set-tled for next week. Max went home soon, tak-ing num-ber 6633 with him. The ver-y next day he went to the Lab-o-ra-to-ry and, first try-ing thir-ty or for-ty of the 6633's to see if they were like his won-der-ful sam-ple, he con-tract-ed for the en-tire out-put of that par-tic-u-lar num-ber for sev-en-teen years. Next he en-ga-ged the won-der-ful new sing-er at a fair sal-a-ry to be his pri-vate sec-re-ta-ry. Then he qui-et-ly set to work to buy up all the 6633's that had been sold. The rec-ord had been out on-ly a week, but over five thou-sand had been made and ship-ped to all parts of the U-ni-ted States and Can-a-da. In the mean-time he or-gan-iz-ed The

North A-mer-i-can Vo-cal Im-pulse Corp-o-ra-tion Lim-i-ted, to sell 6633's for Au-to-mo-biles, yachts, e-lec-tric fans, tram-ways, wind-mills and bal-loons, for re-frig-er-at-ing and Cold-storage pur-pos-es, to Ice Trusts, to Pow-er Plants and to Com-pan-ies of all kinds re-quir-ing a mo-tive pow-er of low cost of pro-duc-tion. Luck-y Max. Luck-y Me-lin-da. They were mar-ried as per sched-ule and bid fair to live hap-pi-ly ev-er af-ter-wards. The won-der-ful sing-er had the mis-for-tune to lose his life in the re-cent Gal-vest-on cat-a-cly-sm; but for-tu-nate-ly Max had ac-cu-mu-la-ted a suf-fi-cient stock on hand of the mar-vel-ous rec-ords to last him for some time. At the last re-ports his com-pa-ny was sel-ling 6633's for a thou-sand dol-lars a-piece. So I guess Max and Melinda can manage to crush the gnaw-ing worm of pov-er-ty for a long time yet to come.

POINTS PERTAINING TO THE USE AND CARE OF THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH.

By C. W. NOYES.

Introduction.

It is the author's desire to furnish the readers of **THE PHONOGRAM** with points pertaining to the use and care of the Phonograph which have been gleaned through practical experiments.

Theory and practice sometimes differ in the respect that a theory, when practiced, is not always a practical success. For this reason no theories will be advanced that have not been practically demonstrated.

Every owner of a Phonograph should understand thoroughly the mechanical principles of the reproduction of sound before attempting to profit by any suggestions as to its care or use.

We know that a wax cylinder placed in the proper position on the mandrel of the machine, will when revolved, reproduce the sound vibrations which have previously been cut or indented on its surface. We know this because we have seen and heard it.

We are sometimes asked by our friends who have been entranced by the musical selections played for their entertainment :

“How is this accomplished, and what is the principle?”

How many owners of a Phonograph can give an intelligent answer?

We generally reply to such questions by saying, “Well it's just this way. You see the little point cuts the wax and that's what makes the music.”

(To be continued.)

The PHONOGRAM

MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION:— THIRTY CENTS A YEAR
Advertising rates to be had on application.

The PHONOGRAM, No. 135 Fifth Avenue, New York

Published by HERBERT A. SHATTUCK for those interested in the arts of recording and reproducing sound. ¶ A very Special Department will be devoted to all Questions and Answers relating to Phones, Graphs, Grams, and Scopes. Correspondence welcomed by him



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¶ This month I am a Black Bird; a Keel-tailed Grackle (*Quiscalus Quiscula*), commonly known as a Crow Black bird. This month's PHONOGRAM is just like the nest that my Bird builds out in the old orchard; a queer assortment of miscellaneous twigs, sticks and grasses—threads and shreds of Scope and Graph items, gathered from here, there and everywhere. I trust that the nest my Bird has built will prove interesting, even if it affords you only the pleasure of picking it to pieces with critical comment, kind or unkind, on the manner of its making.

¶ Note particularly, however, that this issue (and all other issues) of THE PHONOGRAM contains lists of new up-to-date records. Each issue is mailed promptly on the first day of the month in which it is dated. The way to become posted and to *keep posted* in the matter of new records, therefore, is to subscribe (thirty cents a year, if you please) and my Bird will fly each month to you, bearing in its beak a scrit or scroll or screed containing these lists of new records and other Scope and Graph miscellanies.

¶ Subscriptions commence always with the current issue.

¶ One D. E. has written to me "What's the Bird got to do with it. I can't make it out. Please explain." Friends, one and all, and D. E. in particular, THE BIRD is just a literary freak. The *New York Sun* once had an office cat; and in the days of the elder DANA it was an almost deified beast. It ate up undesirable MSS, it passed upon questions of syntax and prosody, it was held responsible for proofreader's errors and editorial lapses. Why shouldn't I have *Birds* as editorial companions? So I shall continue. Each month I shall call upon a different

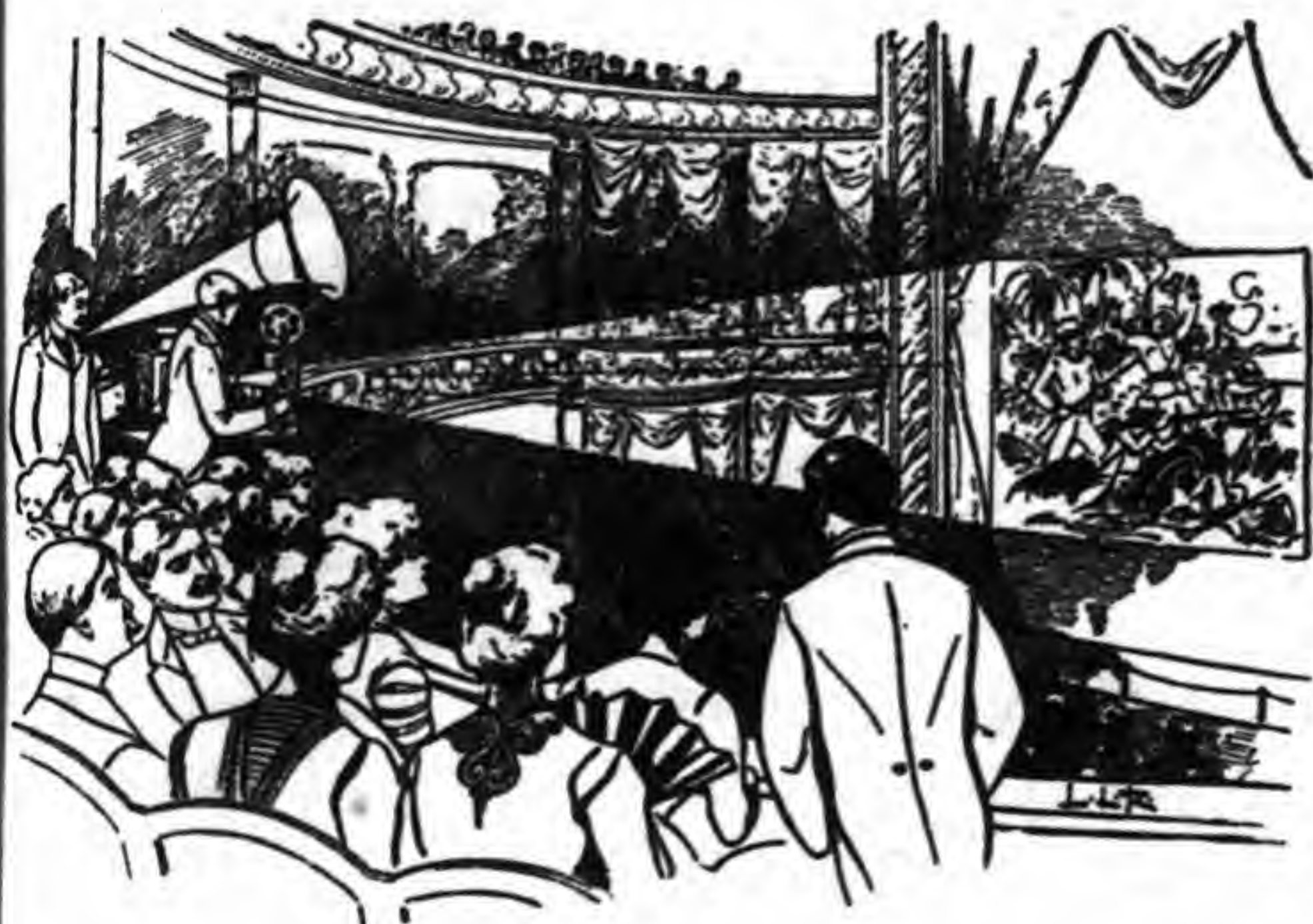
Bird to lend its individuality to my periodical. Its plumage determines the Color scheme for the month of its editorial dominance. Its manner of nest building is displayed in the make-up of the magazine. Its habits of song, flight and feeding are reflected in the style and character of the Gram, Graph and Scope items which I present, monthly, for your intellectual sustenance. So, now, D. E., and friends one and all, you have my explanation of THE BIRD.

¶ To all who have enquired concerning the *Order of the Phonogram*, I will say that September and October Bird Notes contain such information as they seek. *Very special* enquiries I will answer by letter. The Roll of Honor of the ORDER is steadily growing. I will publish it complete in next issue.

¶ PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.—Back Numbers, One, Two, Three, Four, Five and Six of THE PHONOGRAM are out of print and may be had for a short time of the Publisher for five cents the copy. To the Great Majority of People in the U. S. and Elsewhere, a few bound volumes, Number One are offered, neatly done in stiff buckram covers, and gilt top edges, for sixty cents each. This barely covers the cost of binding and postage. A Special Index of contents will be included in the bound Volume One.

Individual photo-drawings of the talent i. e. the different artists who sing and play for the Phonograph may be purchased of John Wright, 234 Union Street, Hackensack, N. J. To subscribers of the Phonogram these pictures are sent for inspection free of charge. Write for further particulars.

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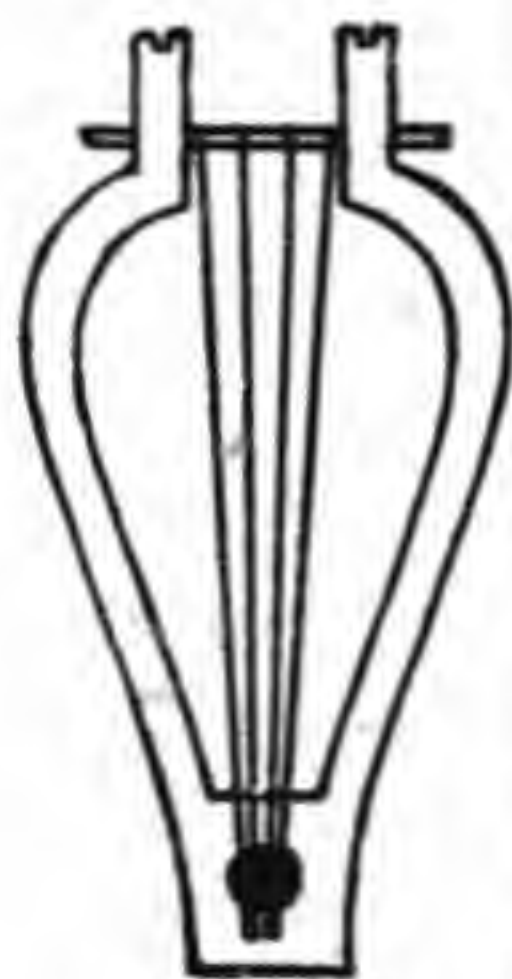
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